PREFACE TO VOL. II.

VANITY FAIR, on the 27th day of June, 1860, entered his second *Salon*, in which a number of visitors had assembled to greet him on the attainment of the majority of his Second Volume.

V. F. had been informed by his gentleman's gentleman—a stupendous creature who left his last place because he got Sherry at dinner instead of Madeira, to which latter he had always been accustomed—that a select party of distinguished persons awaited him below stairs in order to congratulate him upon his arrival at man's estate. He instantly dropped his Narghileh, arose from his Indian summer chair, and attired himself in a simple but elegant morning costume. This done, he descended, and found awaiting him with respectful homage, the following persons: Mrs. PUBLIC, with her eldest son, CHER LECTEUR, Alderman BOOLE, Prince SIMMI BOOJSEN NO KAMI, HORACE GREELEY, Hon. H. J. RAYMOND, Col. WEBB, the Editor of the *Saturday Press*, the Editor of the *World*, Mr. AUGUSTUS BELMONT, Count DE GUROWSKI, MORTIMER DOESTICKS, besides a corps of lovely and exquisitely dressed contributors, all of whom carried bouquets in their hands, composed of the choicest exotics of the four seasons.

V. F. floated into—or, we may say, amalgamated with—the select circle of guests that awaited him; and—but as conversation can never be perfectly given in narrative, let us present this charming scene in a dramatic form:

SCENE.—The Residence of V. F.

An exquisite drawing room hung in blue and silver. Four paintings, hang on the walls. They are from the pencil of GREUZE, *and are types of women in the four quarters of the globe. The guests, seated on causeuses, or in easy chairs more luxurious than the sybarite's bed of roses, are conversing on the topics of the day. Several specimens of the "What Is It?" attired in bangles and paramatta trowsers, with rings in their noses, are serving ices and sherry cobblers on trays of beaten gold, which* TIFFANY *could not beat, each supernatural drink being furnished with ethereal straws for purposes of imbibition. Other slaves cool the summer atmosphere with waving punkahs formed out of the feathers of the Bird of Paradise. V. F. appears in the midst. The conversation remains uninterrupted. V. F. with a magnetic inclination of the body signifies his welcome and sinks into a mechanical easy chair which, when occupied, puts in motion a machinery that waves scented fans about the head of the occupant.*

Horace Greeley. [*To Raymond*] I think I rather got the best of you about that SEWARD letter.

H. Raymond. Pooh! You do not understand the first principles of controversy. You defend yourself. A controversialist should attack. Dismiss your antagonist's assertions in a paragraph, and abuse him in a column. Those are my tactics.

H. G. [*Satirically.*] Were they your tactics at Solferino?

H. R. [*Confused.*] You wander from the subject.

V. F. [*Suddenly.*] Why is Mr. GREELEY like a slave ship? [*Sensation, amid which all give it up.*

Because he is a Wanderer. [*Immense applause.*

Mrs. Public. [*Aside to V. F.*] Ingenious as ever, dear V. F. How dexterously you turned off that delicate subject!

Alderman Boole. Here! Waiter, bring me something to drink. [*To Prince Simmi Boojsen.*] Have a tod, Prince?

Prince Simmi. [*Declines, but as we have no Japanese type we forbear printing the formula of his reply.*]

Editor of Saturday Press. When the Alderman's drink is poured out, why is it equivalent to taking it upside down?

V. F. [*Without a moment's consideration.*] Because it's BOOLE versez.

Editor of Saturday Press. [*Taking his hat.*] Good morning. [*Exit.*

Alderman B. [*Who doesn't understand French.*] Ha! ha! very good.

Editor of the World. I think the jest profane. Such trivial topics are beneath the consideration of the enlightened. There is but one subject which it is necessary that we should consider. The great religious revival which commenced one hundred and fifty years hence—since, I mean.

Mrs. Public. [*Blandly interrupting.*] Bless me, don't talk of such antique periods. You remind me of my age.

Count Gurowski. [*In his well-known silvery accents.*] You Mr. *World* Editor! vat you know about religion? You know nothing. You have nevare been at colleges. You do not vash your hands. There is no gentlemens in this coundhry. There is but von question vich agitates the globe. It is the question of Pan-Sclavism. You are von fool—gr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r. [*These consonants represent the silvery accents.*

Editor of World. [*Meekly.*] I must not let my angry passions rise
If I would win my mansion in the skies.

H. G. [*To Raymond.*] What are your opinions about Lincoln?

H. R. I have no opinions. Haven't had any for a long time.

H. G. Why?

H. R. Oh, opinions are out at elbows.

H. G. [*Maliciously.*] Out at the elbows of the Mincio?

H. R. [*Sulkily.*] Well, I suppose it's no use Minc (io)ing the matter; yes.

Alderman B. Let's take something to drink. Have a tod, Prince?

[*For Prince's reply see his previous answer.*

Doesticks. I'll join you in a glass of beer. I remember having some at Niagara, and liking it.

[*Doesticks is served, and demands another to take the taste out his mouth.*

Aug. Belmont. [*Magnificently.*] Bring me a bottle of Metternich's Blue Seal. [*Belmont is served, and gives a thousand dollar bill to the attendant "What is it?" who executes the dance of joy.*

Alderman B. Have a tod, Prince? [*For Prince's rejoinder, vide former colloquies.*

Mrs. Public. [*Rising.*] My friends, we have assembled here to-day for a delightful purpose: that of congratulating VANITY FAIR on the attainment of his majority, and the admirable manner in which he conducted himself while he was a youth. [*Cries of hear, hear.*] He has been, at the same time, bold and judicious. His course has been marked by scholastic attainment, salient wit, and manly pluck. He has proved himself to be the embodiment of that agile and elastic American mind which invented the steamship—emancipated the plough—conquered at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec—annihilated distance with the telegraph—and, later still, laid bare the teeming mysteries of Japan!

[*Immense cheering. Alderman Boole is so overcome that he solicits what he calls "a tod."*

My friends, I greeted this young Hercules of satire in his cradle, and when I saw him strangling the serpents of public wrong, predicted his future. He is now strong enough for even the Nemean Lion of Public Abuses, and ere long you will see its skin upon his shoulders! [*Enormous and terrific "tiger."*

Cher Lecteur. Bravo, mamma! Pon honaw you are quite eloquent, aw!

Mrs. Public. My friends, I propose long life and prosperity to VANITY FAIR! [*The skies are rent.*

V. F. [*Bowing slighly.*] Much obliged. Luncheon in other room. Come and try it.

[*More applause than ever, in which the voice of* BOOLE *is much heard. The party form a grand procession to luncheon, singing a hymn in praise of* V. F., *composed by* RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. *A velvet curtain at the end of the chief corridor is lifted, disclosing a banquet, to describe the splendors of which the ink refuses to flow. All seat themselves.* GUROWSKI *attacks the prog. He glares at* DOESTICKS, *who continues to drink beer.* BOOLE *becomes bacchic, and the curtain falls on a grand tableau of festivity.*

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

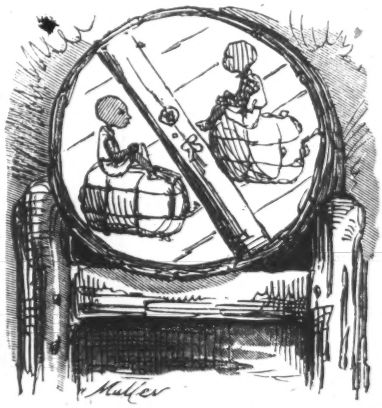
OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

No pent up cuticle contracts our powers,
For all we *want* we'll *grab*—and call it ours.



O W do, Reader, g l a d see. Telegraph notes VANITY FAIR, what I and Cousin see all over country. Going everywhere.—North. South. E. W. N. N. W. E. N. W. t a l k everybody, see e v e r y thing, look at elephant, take census, take notes, take drinks, take p o o l—r i p, t e a r, s m a s h, spread miss shellaneously.

Introduce self. BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL, New York Boy, a l l s o r t s of fellow. Travelled g. deal. Been all over sand, mud, rail, r. salt and f. water. Been China, Russia, Europe, California, all sorts places. Seen two Londons one Conu. one England two Paris, two Cantons, one Mass. one China—two Berlins, two most everything—only one Shirt-Tail Canyon Cal. one enough, all conscience. Seen Turcos, Zouaves, Croats, Roman brigands, Jerseyman, all sorts people. Like travel, informs mind improves morals, good for health, only drawback as Aunt Jane says—"carnt 'tend church regular."

Introduce cousin, P. RANDOLPH D. ACCOMAC, very gentlemy. ffv. considerable high toned, up to concert pitch and two screws over, high up in the figures, high up all sorts ways, well posted politics, history, and good society but—no curiosity for general notions. Says he'll cut throat, slit ears, bowie knife slambangulate all sorts ways—if don't stop infernal chipping round, asking questions. Sharnt stop though, mean to ask all sorts things, telegraph VANITY FAIR—see RANDOLPH devil first.

Americans want new style English CONDENSE, that's word, telegram style, elegant, cheap 'conomical, all sorts beauties. In telegraph business once self, got to admire style, beats WEBSTER, beats MCAULY, beats CHOATE all sorts ways. All creation conden-ing now-a-days. Since telegraphs come in merchants lead 3 business lives where once led one, bust all flinders, rip Sam, set her up again 3 times where used to once. All America condensing. Saw good idea yesterday in newspaper—2 clarets—1 cobbler, 2 cobblers condensed in 1 Julep, 2 Julips in 1 double barrel cocktail—*let's condense!*

Smoke cigar with Cousin RANDOLPH stoop Gramercy Park House. Birds sing trees, fountains rippling, pretty school girls walk round and round, nice old Quakers go meeting in corner, looks on whole like piece Philadelphia ornamented and improved. Smoke again, lay off, take easy by and by RANDOLPH ask :

"Where devil go summer? People all travelling away watering places, good society only short time travel, where go?

"Go everywhere—all sorts places. Must get linen done up private. Traveller's companion, little hymn book, piece soap gimlet, patent cholera mixture, extra shaving brush, needle thread, patent door clasp, hammer and nails, never find books at watering place—nail up travelling shawl—never find curtains."

"Not enough," said RANDOLPH. "Want bottles *good* liquor, thousand green Cabanas cig' yars, new revolver, new gutta percha cane, broke old one last night whipping fellow for telling barkeeper to give him his julep 'fore mine. Want k'yards too, reckon."

"Well—but where go?"

"Spose try Long Branch. Highly respectable, calm old shop—going to lose character pretty soon when railroad's under way. People retreat to Long Branch like old hermits into desert—or Mormons into Deseret—so's vulgar slabs cant get at 'em. Awful land to travel through—few days and few days. Musquitoes bite and landlords too. As o'er the sand you roam. We'll see the Jersey wilderness. And then we'll travel home."

"All night. Buxom as a deer's horn. Celestial, palmy, Elysian, halcyon. Exodus to-morrow."

Early morning, pack bill, paid trunk night before. Rap, rap on room door. Wake up—wonder at noise—rap again. Remember all once, going away. Sort half mad half sorry. Dont want make change lose breakfast, meet table pretty girls—dont want to go away from club—dont—e—aw—want to lose nap. *Rap rap!* Get up—bathe—feel better—coffee and salmon steak—all serene.

Meet Cousin RANDOLPH, following trunk. Chambermaid at head of stairs weeping bitterly looking down between banisters at his retreating form. Tell RANDOLPH, says it is all right—girls always sorry when he goes away—parents sorry when he comes—account square as a brick.

Stop at office. Get twenty dollars cobangs changed to quarters. Want small change in Jersey just as want life anywhere else. Costs about twenty five cents at Jersey watering places, every breath you draw and fine you a dollar if you stop breathing. Down in hotel regulations on little card behind door, but printed on back fear folks should see it.

Two ways go Long Branch, "take the first way to the village" as poet, (Mr. LONGFELLOW) says, "and you wish you were in Tophet. Take the second way and then you'll wish you'd gone by t'other road." Both ways like schoolboys alphabet—hardly worth going through so much to get at so little. Steamboat road most curious, gives strongest idea of eternal misery colored with disaster and adorned with despair. Ride six miles from landing, through sandy swamp, sorrowful puddles, benumbing water-scape. Grows livelier, like incantation scene in Der Freyschutz, as get along. Sun sickens, musquitoes ravaging out by millions. Jerseymen when die turn into musquitoes or musquitoes into Jerseymen—dont care a condemned fraction which—comes to same thing, ary way. More musquitoes and bigger ones constantly arriving—great fiery mad bulging fellows, regular premium head devils, roaring, screaming, howling for blood. Knock our hats off, fight us. So scared us couldn't pray—think saw some musquitoes four inches between the eyes—voices like steam whistles—eyes like Apollyon's in picture books. Fell on knees and wept bitterly—gave in—caved to pangs, anguish, agony, torture, rack, cruciation, crucifixion, martyrdom. Hot weather putting me through all the sprouts of burning, combustion, roasting, cremation, cautery, frying torrefaction, scarification, branding coction, cinderation and railroad carbonization on one side and winged insects stinging, puncturing, goading, pricking, deviling, irritating, infuriating, on the other. RANDOLPH dreadful, sinful state of mind. Blasphemed in sanguinary, ferocious and fiendish manner all things from the top blossoms down to the root of N. J. Ripped and swore at every object human and inhuman that ever walked, trotted, swam, racked, danced or paced in Jersey. Blasted it to small fragments and then cussed 'em together again. Wished all Jersey was in a sky rocket, and be near its fusee with a lighted cigar. Wished Long Branch was in a cannon ball, and he had it near the edge of the bottomless pit. Screeched and howled at it. Gave his malediction, curse, execration denunciation and dumbnation of all things in general and Jersey in particular, out in such language that the driver stopped his ears, and the horses went raving mad. Ripped and tore through the swamps and finally emerged through the Valley of the Shadow of Death into a decent road and began to pass by hotels—long, low-looking houses, all alike and all suggesting a sort of dont-come-here-a-tiveness—as if every tavern had its own dreamy rooms all sorrowfully packed with small stupids and would "rather not have any more boarders."

Long Branch landlords something like fat and lazy tom-cats, wont take pains to catch mice (or boarders)—skin 'em alive though when they *do* catch 'em Went to SHADSCALES, highly recommended, Rooms engaged in advance—asked SHADSCALE; didn't know nothing about it. "Maybe were engaged; thought it very likely; didn't remember. Better ask boarders—p'raps they'd know.—Them creeters always know'd something about the rooms—was only landlord himself and couldn't tell." Did nose round, RANDOLPH and I—found young lady—New York acquaintance; delighted to see us. Young lady bustles after friend—friend after Pa, Pa after the Brown set, and the Browns after the Smiths. General acounts of rooms taken and election held by all the boarders—verdict that our rooms were 52, 54 in third entry—with option of changing next day, when GURNEY GOODLE had gone back to Philadelphia to buy butter. Verdict satisfactory. Young lady—Miss FLINDERS—informed us that at SHADSCALES, the boarders kept house, and landlord kept the money. First lesson at Long Branch: found we had to earn our living and pay for the earning.

Something singular in the eyes of Miss FLINDERS Nice girl in New York, sort of comatose here, as if benumbered off into ciphers. Used to be a lively JANE ELIZA at home; seems to be paralyzed

h e. Feel pulse—uninspired—press hand—cold blooded. Look ar und—see how it is—case of suspended fastness—FLINDERS used to be "a perfect brick," once—in a fair way to become regular brick-dust and ashes now. Must set her to going again, send for sherry-cobbler—pay compliment—FLINDERS shows signs of life begs m to stop for Heaven's sake—boarders will hear, flirting not allo ed—dreadful place for scandal, fun not allowed, dancing against rul s, nothing allowed. Mingle tears together.

Dinner. Sprinkle in together. Good luck, seat near FLINDERS. Fa e plain, but plenty—country-boarding-housy, and wholesome. Bo rders talk much; one half conversation about the food; other hal about SHADSCALE and his villainies. Most ladies told anecdot s how they'd turned SHADSCALE's flank, all very cheering and improving. Fault-finding the one general amusement not tabooed —astonished to learn that most of the boarders always came again year after year. Asked 'em what they came for—general chorus "Oh! So quiet and *so* respectable." Looked at FLINDERS. Ghastly twitch at end of her nose—convuls e turn up—melancholy s mptom—resolve to advise FLINDERS Senior to transplant daughter e once to Newport, or won't be answerable for consequences.

Dinner nearly over. Elderly gent enters, in highly nervous con d tion. Indignant. Awful intelligence. Going to have a pig-race, niggers jumping in sacks over at that disreputable Onion Hotel. Boarders excited. Feelings hurt. Talk of indignation meeting. Don't know what Long Branch is coming to. Small boy enters with paper. Requests subscri tions to pay for pig and expenses of shaving and soaping! Scene. Small boy footed out of doors, and paper hurled after him. "Well!—of *all* the impu- nce!!"

Dinner over. Hats and parasols, Jersey wagons in general demand. Everybody by curious coincide ce going towards Onion Hotel. General apprehension—so much afraid we may see something of the odious race. FLINDERS reviving. Get wagon, invite

MISS FLINDERS.

RANDOLPH—find him frozen to pretty girl—FLINDERS friend LUCY DE BROOM. Take the lot—walk the horses out of sight and then lay on leather. Let 'em rip—g'lang! FLINDERS coming round in fast time, eyes shining and tongue loo e. Where shall we go? "*Pig Race*" shouts FLINDERS—fairly e ncipated. P g race *and* niggers! Hurrah for us—ar'nt we vulg r!

Approach field. Fences lined, road l ed with disgusted multitude. All our boarders there, all abusi g the unnatural spectacle, and all standing on tip-toe to see it. S nall swine appears rushing about bewilderish and squealy, followed by delirious niggers and by the envious eyes of all the Jerseymen present. Ha'ay there—whoo—op. Git ou' de way dar—Dar—I got him! No you don' nigga—golly I like to ketch't um! Go it red shirt—you'll git the pork! Hyar he is—There he is—Now I see him—Now you don't!—Nary creeter!

Pig makes for fence. Go it swiney—red shirt's a gainin' on ye! All the colored men and brothers in the rear, only Red Shirt and Straw Hat ahead. Pig cuts to the right, and Straw Hat gets hold of leg. Leg slips and Straw H. rolls over. Vast applause. FLINDERS radiant. Pig tries another bo t. Takes him to field corner. Red Shirt pitches in. Grand chorus of vulgar young men. "Root little pig or die!" Pig rolls over. Red Shirt fights him hard—jams him up—heads him—gets h m up in arms—Red Shirt triumphs back to his allies.

Let's take a ride. Where? "Oh—to the stores. Want to buy STEWART's candy." FLINDERS explains a swindle. Shops at Long Branch, at Liberty Pole—two miles from hotels. Cause why—mutual arrangement. People wouldn't hire wagons to ride to sh ops if shops were near at hand, and then when people have ridden so far think they must buy a great deal, while about it. Nice ride though, nice girls—good lot all of us—only afraid of what *will* they say at our hotel? "Say we're eloping," cries LUCY. "W sh to goodness we were," remarks RANDOLPH. Good for you, Old Virginny!

Something said about good shooting, FLINDERS assents but gives warning. If you shoot snip s, or anything—look out for SHADSCALE's suppers. Explains. When gentleman brings home game, SHADSCALE quietly suggests to hi n supper. Tells gentleman he'll have the game cooked, make no charge for cooking—invite guests—introduces each man pay for his own wine—nice little sociable arrangement. Landlord goes to other gentlemen and invites them to supper in gentleman's name—says nothing about wine. All find it in their bills though when they go. Well they do!

Jollier and jollier. FLINDERS just coos out little bit of song. RANDOLPH peals out like martingale. DE BROOM leads splendid contralto—great girl—quiet as mouse generally—long dark grey eyes—comes out like lightning when she *does* come. Got it in her. Got everything in her—like RANDOLPH—never shows it till it's wanted. Grand trio from LUCREZIA. Solo by me—only song I know—ironical reference to slave trade as compared to Jersey summer-hotel keeping.

"Six hundred niggers in her hold,
And seventy we did stow,
And then we clapped the hatches on
'Twas time for us to go.

(*Tremendous applause*)

"We run the niggers in the night,
Our cargo landed we,
And then put up to Baltimore
All on a jolly spree——

(*Oh for shame!*)

"And when the liquor it is out,
And the lucker it is low,
Then to sea again, in the ebony trade
'Twill be time for us to go."

Aw-ful interruption! Brought right up in middle of about two dozen of elect of our Hotel, who, after having exhausted pig-race, were exhausting selves on the iniquities of other people. Grand tableau! One look of horror—and then I was getting all the go out of horses which could be extracted by means of lash.

"We're going to Atlantic next week," said MISS FLINDERS to us that evening before going to perch. "Pa says I may. I'm tired of Long Branch. I believe there is a jolly house or two here but SHADSCALE's isn't the institution. My health doesn't get any fa ter very better here. I'm very glad you came—hope you'll go to Atlantic too.

"Will do that and no mistake. Always do what's good for me. Couldn't find a better guide than you in a life-time."

"Bon soir."

"Buenas noches."

"E pluribus unum."

When we paid our bill SHADSCALE claimed for the whole summer, avowing that he ne er let rooms for less. Offered him a draft on the What Is It, and compromi ed on ten dollars for two days boa d. To this SCALES added sundries for everything, including cha ge for the sand we'd worn out in riding on the beach. However, second morning saw us en route for home—perfectly satisfied with our first, last, and everlastingly sufficient visit to Long Branch.

"Stick to your Wigs."

We do not approve of the adoption of trades or professions outside of legitimate theological pursuits, by the regular clergy. This is why we object so strenuously to † JOHN HUGHES' late attempt to make a Defiance Safe.

GOT HOLD OF THE WRONG MAN.

Rural Person (loq.)—'Scuse me, Mister No-Kami, 'd you have 'ny 'jections to write me 'n autograph?

A Conventional Joke.

After considerable time, something like order being restored, the President said:

"With heartfelt satisfaction, as presiding officer of this Convention, I declare Stephen A. Douglas, by a unanimous vote, the candidate of the Democratic party of the Union, for President of these United States; and may God in His infinite mercy protect him, and the Union he represents."

This sounds very much like a judicial sentence upon Stephen. We observe that after its delivery, the Convention rose *en masse*, &c., &c. We should suppose that about that time it would have been more appropriate if Mr. Richardson had responded for the Convention, "Now I lay me down to sleep." There would have been about as much appropriateness in the one as in the other. However nothing better could be expected from a body of men who had taken a General Todd at such an early hour in the day.

Heavy Weight.

According to the arithmetic there are sixteen ounces in a pound. Now almost any dog will weigh at least one ounce, yet good authority assures us that there are between two and three hundred dogs in a Pound up town. How is this?

The Con. of the Day.

Why is the Japanese Embassy destined to accomplish its object?

Because it is fêted to do so.

Motto for Those who do not Succeed in Getting Appointments in Central Park.

Don't make a Hogg of yourself.

"HELP ME CASSIUS OR I SINK."

To the Editors of Vanity Fair:

Gents:—A drowning man will catch at a straw; not that I consider you in that light, by no manner of means, but I merely use the expression in an illustrative sense, being myself figuratively speaking, an individual representative of the great original Anti-Arctic sufferers in the celebrated deluge of which it is more than probable you may have heard during your Sunday School probation. Yes, gentlemen, I'm a going down—with nary cork to save me! and this is the way of it. I am the original and individual sole proprietor of a rare, curious, and unique collection of invaluable specimens of artistic wax-work, two snakes and a ring-tailed monkey, together with the caravan they occupy. The outside illustrations and a big drum, on which I awake the echoes and inhabitants of rural districts. But alas! of late years, in vain. I know Buggins, (a celebrated Theatrical Critic, who never wrote a piece that succeeded, and never criticised one that he did not pronounce it a failure,) well, this Buggins says I am behind the time, and afflicted with a worse than Hydrophobiaism, that is—Ancient Fogeyism; but I indignantly deny Buggins's assertions, and dare him to the proof!

I say I have gone with the times, and my MS. catalogue (written on the back of a Jack I sometimes ring in at Old Sledge,) will prove the truth of my asssertion. Was there any Old Fogeyism in me, when, some years ago I metamorphosed a popular confidence man into Kossuth, and when *he* went out of date, transformed the same figure into Ossawatomie Brown? Was there any Old Fogeyism in my turning my most ferocious pirate into a popular preacher? and now because Scripture subjects are the go with Sabbatarians, is there any want of enterprise in my using him as Judas Iscariot? Didn't I turn Queen Victoria into the Albino Lady, and Horace Greeley into Hicks? In short, could the best politician of the day, I don't care what convention he belongs to, have made more startling changes in programme platforms, persons, scenery and incidents, than I have done? I ask that question, and I answer it myself. Emphatically—no! sirree! But where's the use of all this? the legitimate show business ain't worth a red! without some extra attractions. Look at poor Mister Nixon before he engaged the Japanese Embassy! What did the Nelson sisters and Doesticks and Atalanta and the Gales, and all the blowing about them, do for him? Nothing! or worse than nothing, and wasn't he on the point of being put down as one of the greatest Greens in the New Garden? Of course he was! Well, since he made that engagement with Mayor Wood or the Common Council or the Board of Alderman or Mr. Buchanan or may be the Tycoon himself, how the tables have turned; he is literally filling his pockets with most extraordinary Japan-ease! that is—if he don't pay 'em too much; and Tommy has been got on better terms than Dan Bryant, Edwin Booth, Eph. Horn, Barney Williams, or Miss Davenport, or any other stars demand. Now sir, I want you to please advertise for me that I am willing to do the fair thing with the Prince of Wales when he arrives, to give him the exclusive run of my caravan, put his name in the same type as Judas and the Snakes, and allow him any other privilege in reason—so that I may have a chance of making an honest livelihood, and keeping pace with Niblo, and the Academy, and Barnum, and cetera & cetera. By doing this, you will materially oblige,

Yours truly,

A. S. H. Oman.

Important Discovery.

A Member of the St. Patrick's Society of this city, is now engaged in writing a pamphlet, in which he undertakes to prove that the *hari karuh*, or "happy dispatch" of the Japanese is of Irish origin. According to this investigator, an Irish gentleman of the name of Henry Carew, visited Japan about nine centuries ago, was detained there by the natives, and eventually committed suicide at Jeddo, by falling on a fire-shovel. The thing took with the Japanese, who are very imitative, and they called it Harry Carew, after the inventor, spelling the name in their own fashion, however. The Irish gentleman referred to, was a lineal ancestor of the beautiful Mary Carew, about whom John Brougham sings an affecting song.

Documentary.

Having received and examined a large quantity of government reports, we have become convinced that the label "Pub. Doc." should be altered to Dry Doc.

Epitaph for the Seal recently deceased at Nixons.

Ruat coelum.

XUM

THE TELEGRAPH TOUR

OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

No pent up cuticle contracts our powers,
For all we *want* we'll *grab*—and call it ours.

OW do, Reader, glad see. Telegraph notes VANITY FAIR, what I and Cousin see all over country. Going everywhere.—North. South. E. W. N. N. W. E. N. W. talk everybody, see every thing, look at elephant, take census, take notes, take drinks, take pool—rip, tear, smash, spread miss shellaneously.

Introduce self. BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL, New York Boy, all sorts of fellow. Travelled g. deal. Been all over sand, mud, rail, r. salt and f. water. Been China, Russia, Europe, California, all sorts places. Seen two Londons one Conn. one England two Paris, two Cantons, one Mass. one China—two Berlins, two most everything—only one Shirt-Tail Canyon Cal. one enough, all conscience. Seen Turcos, Zouaves, Croats, Roman brigands, Jerseyman, all sorts people. Like travel, informs mind improves morals, good for health, only drawback as Aunt Jane says—"carnt 'tend church regular."

Introduce cousin, P. RANDOLPH D. ACCOMAC, very gentlemy. ffv. considerable high toned, up to concert pitch and two screws over, high up in the figures, high up all sorts ways, well posted politics, history, and good society but—no curiosity for general notions. Says he'll cut throat, slit ears, bowie knife slambangulate all sorts ways—if don't stop infernal chipping round, asking questions. Sharnt stop though, mean to ask all sorts things, telegraph VANITY FAIR—see RANDOLPH devil first.

Americans want new style English CONDENSE, that's word, telegram style, elegant, cheap 'conomical, all sorts beauties. In telegraph business once self, got to admire style, beats WEBSTER, beats MCAULY, beats CHOATE all sorts ways. All creation conden-ing now-a-days. Since telegraphs come in merchants lead 3 business lives where once led one, bust all flinders, rip Sam, set her up again 3 times where used to once. All America condensing. Saw good idea yesterday in newspaper—2 clarets—1 cobbler, 2 cobblers condensed in 1 Julep, 2 Julips in 1 double barrel cocktail—*let's condense!*

Smoke cigar with Cousin RANDOLPH stoop Gramercy Park House. Birds sing trees, fountains rippling, pretty school girls walk round and round, nice old Quakers go meeting in corner, looks on whole like piece Philadelphia ornamented and improved. Smoke again, lay off, take easy by and by RANDOLPH ask:

"Where devil go summer? People all travelling away watering places, good society only short time travel, where go?

"Go everywhere—all sorts places. Must get linen done up private. Traveller's companion, little hymn book, piece soap gimlet, patent cholera mixture, extra shaving brush. needle thread, patent door clasp, hammer and nails, never find books at watering place—nail up travelling shawl—never find curtains."

"Not enough," said RANDOLPH. "Want bottles *good* liquor, thousand green Cabanas cig' yars, new revolver, new gutta percha cane, broke old one last night whipping fellow for telling barkeeper to give him his julep 'fore mine. Want k'yards too, reckon."

"Well—but where go?"

"Spose try Long Branch. Highly respectable, calm old shop—going to lose character pretty soon when railroad's under way. People retreat to Long Branch like old hermits into desert—or Mormons into Deseret—so's vulgar slabs cant get at 'em. Awful land to travel through—few days and few days. Musquitoes bite and landlords too. As o'er the sand you roam. We'll see the Jersey wilderness. And then we'll travel home."

"All night. Buxom as a deer's horn. Celestial, palmy, Elysian, halcyon. Exodus to-morrow."

Early morning, pack bill, paid trunk night before. Rap, rap on room door. Wake up—wonder at noise—rap again. Remember all once, going away. Sort half mad half sorry. Dont want make change lose breakfast, meet table pretty girls—dont want to go away from club—dont—e—aw—want to lose nap. *Rap rap!* Get up—bathe—feel better—coffee and salmon steak—all serene.

Meet Cousin RANDOLPH, following trunk. Chambermaid at head of stairs weeping bitterly looking down between banisters at his retreating form. Tell RANDOLPH, says it is all right—girls always sorry when he goes away—parents sorry when he comes—account square as a brick.

Stop at office. Get twenty dollars cobangs changed to quarters. Want small change in Jersey just as want life anywhere else. Costs about twenty five cents at Jersey watering places, every breath you draw and fine you a dollar if you stop breathing. Down in hotel regulations on little card behind door, but printed on back fear folks should see it.

Two ways go Long Branch, "take the first way to the village" as poet, (Mr. LONGFELLOW) says, "and you wish you were in Tophet. Take the second way and then you'll wish you'd gone by t'other road." Both ways like schoolboys alphabet—hardly worth going through so much to get at so little. Steamboat road most curious, gives strongest idea of eternal misery colored with disaster and adorned with despair. Ride six miles from landing, through sandy swamp, sorrowful puddles, benumbing water-scape. Grows livelier, like incantation scene in Der Freyschutz, as get along. Sun sickens, musquitoes ravaging out by millions. Jerseymen when die turn into musquitoes or musquitoes into Jerseymen—dont care a condemned fraction which—comes to same thing, ary way. More musquitoes and bigger ones constantly arriving—great fiery mad bulging fellows, regular premium head devils, roaring, screaming, howling for blood. Knock our hats off, fight us. So scared us couldn't pray—think saw some musquitoes four inches between the eyes—voices like steam whistles—eyes like Apollyon's in picture books. Fell on knees and wept bitterly—gave in—caved to pangs, anguish, agony, torture, rack, cruciation, crucifixion, martyrdom. Hot weather putting me through all the sprouts of burning, combustion, roasting, cremation, cautery, frying torrefaction, scarification, branding coction, cinderation and railroad carbonization on one side and winged insects stinging, puncturing, goading, pricking, deviling, irritating, infuriating, on the other. RANDOLPH dreadful, sinful state of mind. Blasphemed in sanguinary, ferocious and fiendish manner all things from the top blossoms down to the root of N. J. Ripped and swore at every object human and inhuman that ever walked, trotted, swam, racked, danced or paced in Jersey. Blasted it to small fragments and then cussed 'em together again. Wished all Jersey was in a sky rocket, and he near its fusee with a lighted cigar. Wished Long Branch was in a cannon ball, and he had it near the edge of the bottomless pit. Screeched and howled at it. Gave his malediction, curse, execration denunciation and dumbnation of all things in general and Jersey in particular, out in such language that the driver stopped his ears, and the horses went raving mad. Ripped and tore through the swamps and finally emerged through the Valley of the Shadow of Death into a decent road and began to pass by hotels—long, low-looking houses, all alike and all suggesting a sort of dont-come-here-a-tiverness—as if every tavern had its own dreamy rooms all sorrowfully packed with small stupids and would "rather not have any more boarders."

Long Branch landlords something like fat and lazy tom-cats, wont take pains to catch mice (or boarders)—skin 'em alive though when they *do* catch 'em Went to SHADSCALES, highly recommended, Rooms engaged in advance—asked SHADSCALE; didn't know nothing about it. "Maybe were engaged; thought it very likely; didn't remember. Better ask boarders—p'raps they'd know.—Them creeters always know'd something about the rooms—was only landlord himself and couldn't tell." Did nose round, RANDOLPH and I—found young lady—New York acquaintance; delighted to see us. Young lady bustles after friend—friend after Pa, Pa after the Brown set, and the Browns after the Smiths. General acounts of rooms taken and election held by all the boarders—verdict that our rooms were 52, 54 in third entry—with option of changing next day, when GURNEY GOODLE had gone back to Philadelphia to buy butter. Verdict satisfactory. Young lady—Miss FLINDERS—informed us that at SHADSCALES, the boarders kept house, and landlord kept the money, First lesson at Long Branch: found we had to earn our living and pay for the earning.

Something singular in the eyes of Miss FLINDERS Nice girl in New York, sort of comatose here, as if benumbered off into ciphers. Used to be a lively JANE ELIZA at home; seems to be paralyzed

here. Feel pulse—uninspired—press hand—cold blooded. Look around—see how it is—case of suspended fastness—FLINDERS used to be "a perfect brick,"—once—in a fair way to become regular brick-dust and ashes now. Must set her to going again, send for sherry-cobbler—pay compliment—FLINDERS shows signs of life begs me to stop for Heaven's sake—boarders will hear, flirting not allowed—dreadful place for scandal, fun not allowed, dancing against rules, nothing allowed. Mingle tears together.

Dinner. Sprinkle in together. Good luck, seat near FLINDERS. Fare plain, but plenty—country-boarding-housy, and wholesome. Boarders talk much; one half conversation about the food; other half about SHADSCALE and his villainies. Most ladies told anecdotes how they'd turned SHADSCALE'S flank, all very cheering and improving. Fault-finding the one general amusement not tabooed—astonished to learn that most of the boarders always came again year after year. Asked 'em what they came for—general chorus "Oh! So quiet and *so* respectable." Looked at FLINDERS. Ghastly twitch at end of her nose—convulsive turn up—melancholy symptom—resolve to advise FLINDERS Senior to transplant daughter at once to Newport, or won't be answerable for consequences.

Dinner nearly over. Elderly gent enters, in highly nervous condition. Indignant. Awful intelligence. Going to have a pig-race, niggers jumping in sacks over at that disreputable Onion Hotel. Boarders excited. Feelings hurt. Talk of indignation meeting. Don't know what Long Branch is coming to. Small boy enters with paper. Requests subscriptions to pay for pig and expenses of shaving and soaping! Scene. Small boy footed out of doors, and paper hurled after him. "Well!—of *all* the impudence!!"

Dinner over. Hats and parasols, Jersey wagons in general demand. Everybody by curious coincidence going towards Onion Hotel. General apprehension—so much afraid we may see something of the odious race. FLINDERS driving. Get wagon, invite

MISS FLINDERS.

RANDOLPH—find him frozen to pretty girl—FLINDERS friend LUCY DE BROOM. Take the lot—walk the horses out of sight and then lay on leather. Let 'em rip—g'lang! FLINDERS coming round in fast time, eyes shining and tongue lolling. Where shall we go? "*Pig Race*" shouts FLINDERS—fairly excited. Pig race *and* niggers! Hurrah for us—ar'nt we vulgar!

Approach field. Fences lined, road lined with disgusted multitude. All our boarders there, all abusing the unnatural spectacle, and all standing on tip-toe to see it. Small swine appears rushing about bewilderish and squealy, followed by delirious niggers and by the envious eyes of all the Jerseymen present. Ha'ay there—whoo—op. Git ou' de way dar—Dar—I got him! No you don' nigga—golly I like to ketch't um! Go it red shirt—you'll git the pork! Hyar he is—There he is—Now I see him—Now you don't!—Nary creeter!

Pig makes for fence. Go it swiney—red shirt's a gainin' on ye! All the colored men and brothers in the rear, only Red Shirt and Straw Hat ahead. Pig cuts to the right, and Straw Hat gets hold of leg. Leg slips and Straw H. rolls over. Vast applause. FLINDERS radiant. Pig tries another bolt. Takes him to field corner. Red Shirt pitches in. Grand chorus of vulgar young men. "Root little pig or die!" Pig rolls over. Red Shirt fights him hard—jams him up—heads him—gets him up in arms—Red Shirt triumphs back to his allies.

Let's take a ride. Where? "Oh—to the stores. Want to buy STEWART'S candy." FLINDERS explains a swindle. Shops at Long Branch, at Liberty Pole—two miles from hotels. Cause why—mutual arrangement. People wouldn't hire wagons to ride to shops if shops were near at hand, and then when people have ridden so far think they must buy a great deal, while about it. Nice ride though, nice girls—good lot all of us—only afraid of what *will* they say at our hotel? "Say we're eloping," cries LUCY. "Wish to goodness we were," remarks RANDOLPH. Good for you, Old Virginny!

Something said about good shooting, FLINDERS assents but gives warning. If you shoot snipe, or anything—look out for SHADSCALE'S suppers. Explains. When gentleman brings home game, SHADSCALE quietly suggests to him supper. Tells gentleman he'll have the game cooked, make no charge for cooking—invite guests—introduces—each man pay for his own wine—nice little sociable arrangement. Landlord goes to other gentlemen and invites them to supper in gentleman's name—says nothing about wine. All find it in their bills though when they go. Well they do!

Jollier and jollier. FLINDERS just coos out little bit of song. RANDOLPH peals out like martingale. DE BROOM leads splendid contralto—great girl—quiet as mouse generally—long dark grey eyes—comes out like lightning when she *does* come. Got it in her. Got everything in her—like RANDOLPH—never shows it till it's wanted. Grand trio from LUCREZIA. Solo by me—only song I know—ironical reference to slave trade as compared to Jersey summer-hotel keeping.

"Six hundred niggers in her hold,
And seventy we did stow,
And then we clapped the hatches on
'Twas time for us to go.

(*Tremendous applause*)

"We run the niggers in the night,
Our cargo landed we,
And then put up to Baltimore
All on a jolly spree——

(*Oh for shame!*)

"And when the liquor it is out,
And the locker it is low,
Then to sea again, in the ebony trade
'Twill be time for us to go."

Aw-ful interruption! Brought right up in middle of about two dozen of elect of our hotel, who, after having exhausted pig-race, were exhausting selves on the iniquities of other people. Grand tableau! One look of horror—and then I was getting all the go out of horses which could be extracted by means of lash.

"We're going to Atlantic next week," said MISS FLINDERS to us that evening before going to perch. "Pa says I may. I'm tired of Long Branch. I believe there is a jolly house or two here but SHADSCALE'S isn't the institution. My health doesn't get any faster very better here. I'm very glad you came—hope you'll go to Atlantic too.

"Will do that and no mistake. Always do what's good for me. Couldn't find a better guide than you in a life-time."

"Bon soir."

"Buenas noches."

"E pluribus unum."

When we paid our bill SHADSCALE claimed for the whole summer, avowing that he never let rooms for less. Offered him a draft on the What Is It, and compromised on ten dollars for two days board. To this SCALES added sundries for everything, including charge for the sand we'd worn out in riding on the beach. However, second morning saw us en route for home—perfectly satisfied with our first, last, and everlastingly sufficient visit to Long Branch.

"Strike to your Wigs."

We do not approve of the adoption of trades or professions outside of legitimate theological pursuits, by the regular clergy. This is why we object so strenuously to † JOHN HUGHES' late attempt to make a Defiance Safe.

GOT HOLD OF THE WRONG MAN.

Rural Person (loq.)—'Scuse me, Mister No-Kami, 'd you have 'ny 'jections to write me 'n autograph?

A Conventional Joke.

After considerable time, something like order being restored, the President said:

"With heartfelt satisfaction, as presiding officer of this Convention, I declare Stephen A. Douglas, by a unanimous vote, the candidate of the Democratic party of the Union, for President of these United States; and may God in His infinite mercy protect him, and the Union he represents."

This sounds very much like a judicial sentence upon Stephen. We observe that after its delivery, the Convention rose *en masse*, &c., &c. We should suppose that about that time it would have been more appropriate if Mr. Richardson had responded for the Convention, "Now I lay me down to sleep." There would have been about as much appropriateness in the one as in the other. However nothing better could be expected from a body of men who had taken a General Todd at such an early hour in the day.

Heavy Weight.

According to the arithmetic there are sixteen ounces in a pound. Now almost any dog will weigh at least one ounce, yet good authority assures us that there are between two and three hundred dogs in a Pound up town. How is this?

The Con. of the Day.

Why is the Japanese Embassy destined to accomplish its object?

Because it is fêted to do so.

Motto for Those who do not Succeed in Getting Appointments in Central Park.

Don't make a Hogg of yourself.

"HELP ME CASSIUS OR I SINK."

To the Editors of Vanity Fair:

Gents:—A drowning man will catch at a straw; not that I consider you in that light, by no manner of means, but I merely use the expression in an illustrative sense, being myself figuratively speaking, an individual representative of the great original Anti-Arctic sufferers in the celebrated deluge of which it is more than probable you may have heard during your Sunday School probation. Yes, gentlemen, I'm a going down—with nary cork to save me! and this is the way of it. I am the original and individual sole proprietor of a rare, curious, and unique collection of invaluable specimens of artistic wax-work, two snakes and a ring-tailed monkey, together with the caravan they occupy. The outside illustrations and a big drum, on which I awake the echoes and inhabitants of rural districts. But alas! of late years, in vain. I know Buggins, (a celebrated Theatrical Critic, who never wrote a piece that succeeded, and never criticised one that he did not pronounce it a failure,) well, this Buggins says I am behind the time, and afflicted with a worse than Hydrophobiaism, that is—Ancient Fogeyism; but I indignantly deny Buggins's assertions, and dare him to the proof!

I say I have gone with the times, and my MS. catalogue (written on the back of a Jack I sometimes ring in at Old Sledge,) will prove the truth of my asssertion. Was there any Old Fogeyism in me, when, some years ago I metamorphosed a popular confidence man into Kossuth, and when *he* went out of date, transformed the same figure into Ossawatomie Brown? Was there any Old Fogeyism in my turning my most ferocious pirate into a popular preacher? and now because Scripture subjects are the go with Sabbatarians, is there any want of enterprise in my using him as Judas Iscariot? Didn't I turn Queen Victoria into the Albino Lady, and Horace Greeley into Hicks? In short, could the best politician of the day, I don't care what convention he belongs to, have made more startling changes in programme platforms, persons, scenery and incidents, than I have done? I ask that question, and I answer it myself. Emphatically—no! sirree! But where's the use of all this? the legitimate show business ain't worth a red! without some extra attractions. Look at poor Mister Nixon before he engaged the Japanese Embassy! What did the Nelson sisters and Doesticks and Atalanta and the Gales, and all the blowing about them, do for him? Nothing! or worse than nothing, and wasn't he on the point of being put down as one of the greatest Greens in the New Garden? Of course he was! Well, since he made that engagement with Mayor Wood or the Common Council or the Board of Alderman or Mr. Buchanan or may be the Tycoon himself, how the tables have turned; he is literally filling his pockets with most extraordinary Japan-ease! that is—if he don't pay 'em too much; and Tommy has been got on better terms than Dan Bryant, Edwin Booth, Eph. Horn, Barney Williams, or Miss Davenport, or any other stars demand. Now sir, I want you to please advertise for me that I am willing to do the fair thing with the Prince of Wales when he arrives, to give him the exclusive run of my caravan, put his name in the same type as Judas and the Snakes, and allow him any other privilege in reason—so that I may have a chance of making an honest livelihood, and keeping pace with Niblo, and the Academy, and Barnum, and cetera & cetera. By doing this, you will materially oblige,

Yours truly,

A. S. H. Oman.

Important Discovery.

A Member of the St. Patrick's Society of this city, is now engaged in writing a pamphlet, in which he undertakes to prove that the *hari karuh*, or "happy dispatch" of the Japanese is of Irish origin. According to this investigator, an Irish gentleman of the name of Henry Carew, visited Japan about nine centuries ago, was detained there by the natives, and eventually committed suicide at Jeddo, by falling on a fire-shovel. The thing took with the Japanese, who are very imitative, and they called it Harry Carew, after the inventor, spelling the name in their own fashion, however. The Irish gentleman referred to, was a lineal ancestor of the beautiful Mary Carew, about whom John Brougham sings an affecting song.

Documentary.

Having received and examined a large quantity of government reports, we have become convinced that the label "Pub. Doc." should be altered to Dry Doc.

Epitaph for the Seal recently deceased at Nixons.

Ruat coelum.

How the "Complimentary" Tickets for the Great Japanese Ball were "Presented."

[*For further particulars inquire of the Committee of Reception.*

THE JAPANESE BALL.

Written Impromptu and on The Spot
By The Tribune Reporter.

What splendor is this which appears!
What glory illustrates the ball!
All hail to Sir William T. Beers,
Whose genius created it all!
They may talk of their great double X,
And the potence of half-and-half tune,
But my Beers is the man that bedecks
This fairy-like, starry saloon.

'Tis one noble, palatial suite,
With no traces of grief or of gloom,
But mark, if you please, first how neat
In its charms is the large dining room.
O with pictures and banners 'tis fair!
The effect is most truly dramatic;
There are statues and tapestry there,
And a corridor really prismatic.

The saloon still new beauty discloses,
A Garden of Eastern Delights;
Fauns and satyrs are peeping through roses
To see the magnificent sights.
Were ever such gardens as these?
Was ever so glorious a spread?
Charm your eyes just as much as you please,
And then charm your stomach instead!

What land can show viands so sweet?
Not one, as I fondly bethink;
For here can ten thousand folks eat
And here, more delightful, can drink.
And here is a canopied hall,
Where two thousand dancers or more,
Can without inconvenience at all,
At once, if they please, take the floor.
And here you may notice the dais,
Where High-old-ram-sambo can sit,
A viewing the scene at its base.
Without being crowded a bit,—
A scene ever changeful, unique,
Transcendent and quite intermingling.
While the fiddles so festive besqueak,
And tumblers of toddy are jingling.

'Tis a maze; 'tis a dream of delight!
Such splendor and beauty appal!
Such a truly magnificent sight.
I dont, at this moment recall,
O not—and I say it with pain—
O not till this spirit has fled,
Shall I see so much grandeur again,
And such a magnificent spread.

Great credit is due to Sir Beers;
Great credit to Leland is due,
For on this festive night he appears
To have beaten himself black and blue;
Great credit is due to Rum-Sum;
Great credit is due to Ri-Funki;
Great credit is due to Young Tom,
That graceful and innocent monkey.

Great credit is due to the city;
Great credit is due to the leader;
Great credit is due the Committee;
And thanks to the cook from each feeder,
Great credit we certainly owe,
To the man who the liquor supplied,
And when next he uncorks the Moiseaux,
To partake be my joy and my pride.

HARMONY AT THE CONVENTION

PROMINENT PLUG UGLY.—I SAY, JAKEY, I OBJECTS TO THEIR TAKING THIS KIND O' BUSINESS OUT O' OUR HANDS!

XUM

A SECESSION.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25, 1860.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair:—

SIR,—

N withdrawing my name from the list of your subscribers, I cannot forbear the expression of a regret, which you will do well to seriously consider. It is with reluctance that I sever my connection with a paper I desired so much to esteem, but I cannot consistently encourage its present course. I have for some time suspected that VANITY FAIR was secretly instilling humorous ideas, and gay imaginations, and now that suspicion is "confirmed!" Ah! yes, I fondly believed, at first, its influence would be of a grave and mournful nature, like its sister publications, inspiring sweet thoughts of melancholy, and tearful reflections upon human weakness. But concealment of your real purpose was impossible. I have been forced to admit that your articles are invariably of a humorous and sarcastic nature, calculated to excite mirth and laughter. Of late this intention is more evident; made bolder by success, you unmask your smiles, and hope to be witty with impunity. Why should all this be? Why take these pains to differ from all other publications?—Humorous pictures grotesquely drawn, and ridiculing prominent statesmen; jokes of various kinds; puns upon unusual words; conundrums with answers appended; sallies; squibs; squirts—"these" I have frequently found in your pages. You cannot deny it. If the public generally is ignorant of this fact, *I* am not; me, you cannot deceive. I have sought in vain for articles of a *serious* nature; essays upon Hydrostatics and Bridge Building; Reports of Chemical Experiments and Geographical Explorations. You have entirely neglected the important subject of Predestination. You have thrown no light upon Infant Baptism. What are you doing for the benighted Sandwicher? Where is your interest in Presbyterian Theology? You are silent. Alas! these things, indispensable to a comic journal, you have treated with indifference, and I, to retain my consistency, must cease to be

YOUR SUBSCRIBER.

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

ARRANGED BY OUR SENSATION REPORTER.

The Baltimore Convention met at Baltimore.

On assembling in the Front Street Theatre, the Convention was found closed, consequently it was determined to open it, which was accordingly done.

The moment it was opened, a loud noise issued forth and spread rapidly all over the country. A scene of turmoil and confusion was visible inside, which lasted for several days.

The first day's proceedings were all talk; the second day's all words; the third day's both together.

At an early stage of the meeting an order was given for Mr. DOUGLAS' coffin, so that there might be no delay in case the worst fears of his friends should be realized. It was further resolved to send the bill for it to Mr. DOUGLAS, by way of a hint.

Matters were getting rather tame, so prudence suggested that a flare up, with symptoms of a duel, should be engaged in.

Accordingly, Col. HINDMAN immediately stepped in front of MR. HOOPER and struck him in the face a tolerably hard blow, and then stepped back a little and drew a pistol from a pocket of his pantaloons.

MR. HOOPER also prepared to draw the same weapon, but the friends of Col. HINDMAN immediately surrounded him, and told him he had gone far enough, preventing him from using the pistol.

This, of course, furnished food for gossip and other business of the Convention for several days.

Messrs. YOST and BRANNAN of Virginia, were so pleased with the upshot of the above little brush that they resolved upon having one themselves. The usual preliminaries followed, but matters somehow or other failed to come to a head—probably owing to the fact that the renowned duellist ROGER A. PRYOR, of the late honorable firm of POTTER and PRYOR, was retained as BRANNAN'S second.

Several jokes of the period were jerked by Captain ISAIAH RYNDERS, who kindly consented to refrain from publishing poor HICKS' confession for a while, and perform his celebrated clown act instead.

The Committee on Credentials was composed of a majority and a minority; both equally strong and perfectly able to whip one another.

This Committee was empowered to supply the sop for the Democratic Cerberus—a very arduous undertaking indeed.

In the meantime, some wide-awake people became possessed with the idea that "coming events cast their shadows before,"—if not sooner—and proceeded to look for a squall. Pretty soon it came, in the shape of Mr. WHITELY and, passing through the Maltby House, struck the handiest thing present, which happened to be Mr. TOWNSEND. TOWNSEND retaliated. Fearful blows sprung up on either side, and a heavy gale set in. Blood * * * * spittoon * * * * went to grass * * * * * * pistol * * * * proprietor * * * * * police * * * * * * calm followed.

Rumors of war between Col. HOOPER and Mr. HINDMAN came forth from the mouths of timid people. It was reported that the COLONEL intended to dress Mr. H. after DELMONICO'S tastiest style, *tête de veau à là poulet*, and then dine off him at leisure. Others that he affected him as *homme roti* well done, and would not see him in any other costume.

This was pronounced a very big thing.

A dispute arose as to the appropriatenessof the coffin ordered for Mr. DOUGLAS; some claiming that a plain cedar coffin was sufficient, and others that nothing else than a Se-ceder arrangement could be tolerated.

Mr. DOUGLAS was appealed to, by telegraph, for his decision, but was too deeply affected to reply. A compromise was then resorted to, and both materials were ordered to be used in its construction.

Mr. YANCEY practiced his lungs in Monument Square until every clock in the neighborhood refused to strike the hours for him any longer. Suddenly recollecting that he had an appointment with some oysters, he postponed the peroration to his speech, and the clocks moved on. It is calculated that they stood still just five hours.

A gentleman named STUFIE arrived from Michigan, and probably did it.

DEAN RICHMOND, CAGGER, CASSIDY, and CORCORAN looked as if they would like to know what was going on, and would give four shillings if they could only have a say in matters. These poor fellows and THURLOW WEED are mere tools, though, and nobody cares for them except their oysters, and it is doubtful if they do.

The Front Street Theatre upheld the Convention tolerably well at first, but grew tired of it on the fourth day, and went back on it. Some think the flooring was dry, and, supposing there were damps in the cellar, went down for some. The solemn dailies said that "the scene that ensued defied description," and deliberately withstood the defiance by describing it vividly. Captain ISAIAH felt for a small joke on the occasion, found it, and fired it off.

CLANCY, JOHN CLANCY, JACK CLANCY, ex-Alderman CLANCY, now County Clerk CLANCY, the *Leader's* JOHN CLANCY, sent a blood thirsty message to WM. H. LUDLOW, because LUDLOW did bad for poor DOUGLAS. JOHN then "talked of a personal collision," if he could find a man to run against.

Next day it was suggested that the Convention might as well nominate its candidates as not. The idea struck everybody as being good. Consequently there was much smoothing down of hair, adjusting of shirt-collar, prinking of neck-tie, settling of waistcoat, and a general effort on the part of the delegates to get quiet—a very hard thing for them to do.

One half the Convention understood that MR. DOUGLAS' coffin was already in the vestibule, and that the sexton had taken the measure for his final white suit; the opposing half knew nothing of the sort, and thought the funeral service was a long way off, if not two.

The Credential Committee could hold out no longer, accordingly it came in. The Convention took it, and placed it outside, with admonitions to keep quiet. This injunction was obeyed the wrong way though—for the first cousin to a row appeared. The President of the Convention was catechised as to the whereabouts, uses, and so forth, of the door, and finally was requested to demonstrate the peculiar utility of said door. Taking the hint and his hat, MR. CUSHING practically illustrated the main facts connected with the philosophy of the door—in short moved to adjourn himself *sine die*, which was carried.

And now a momentous moment arrived—by which train is unknown. Every delegate determined to do something that would make him feel good for the rest of his days. The fate of the old democratic party was in their hands. They manfully resolved to prosper it. It was moved that the Convention, which had all along acted as a 0, should now act as a unit. No sooner said than done. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS and BENJAMIN FITZ-PATRICK were announced as its first choice, and unfortunately the page ends here, leaving us no particulars concerning the Seceding Convention which, being "fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils"—especially the spoils, nominated a Fast Man's ticket and ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

PROFESSIONAL ARDOR.

Reporter.—For mercy's sake, Policeman, don't stop 'em; I haven't had a murder item for a week.

TOMMY AND THE TIMES.

Tommy—who, however useless he may have been to the Embassy, has been very useful to the newspaper reporters—has at last come to grief. Mourn, all ye blooming maidens, and all ye matrons, mourn! Tommy has been used "to point a moral!"

Like everybody else in this naughty world, Tommy has his good times and his bad times. The former he has in clover and in the Metropolitan; the latter he gets from Printing-House Square. It is in his bad *Times* that he is used "to point a moral."

It is all your fault, Ladies. If you had only let the poor boy alone, you know!

It appears by the representation of the *Times*, that the Great Tribulation, long ago announced as Cumming, has at last come. That tribulation is Tommy. It is visited chiefly on the ladies of this metropolis. So says the *Times*, which is a good ladies' paper, and therefore ought to know.

It appears that "a fatal fascination" has been exercised over the irresistible Tommy, by "a popular actress at Niblo's." Pecksniff of the *Times* is shocked. Very properly, too. What right has Tommy to go and fall in love—with Polly Marshall, for example, or with Mistress Mark Blanche Devon Smith? What right has a man, and a Japan man at that, to be exercised by "a fatal fascination," we should like to know? Well may Pecksniff invite "the immediate attention of responsible persons!" Well may that virtuous and invulnerable moralist be alarmed for the sanctity of "our national reputation." And when Pecksniff hears that Tommy's "amours in the Hotel are counted legion," well may he insist that "the public have a right to know whether the building set apart at their expense for the entertainment of a foreign Embassy, supposed to visit the United States on business of national importance, is made to serve as the scene of a 'legion of amours' between a Japanese boy and women of the sort who contract 'amours' at sight with new-comers of all nations." Of course the "public have a right to know!" What is there in the way of scandal and filth that they haven't the right to know—and the privilege too? Besides, who ever heard of such a thing as an amour in the Metropolitan—or in any other Hotel, for that matter? Disgusting novelty! Who ever heard of an amour anyway?

It is very wrong, all this, and it grieves us very deeply. It was well enough—as Pecksniff observes—"so long as it amused people to think of Tommy as a good-natured, lively lad, showing signs of our common nature;" but when he exhibits "our common nature" in such a very deplorable way as to fall in love with white females, and have his amours in the hotel counted legion, what can we do, as saints and seraphim, but join Pecksniff of the *Times* in protesting," in the name of common decency, against the toleration of such a scandal!"

We protest therefore:—

"In the name of common decency"—which is one thing;

In that of "the Reverend Melchisedec Hurlburt"—which is another;

In behalf of "our national reputation"—which Tommy's amours would naturally soil;

In behalf of Warren Leland—who being immaculate, desires to remain so;

In behalf of the American people—who never like scandal, and never do anything wrong;

And finally, in our own behalf—because we have a rooted antipathy to "cakes and ale."

!!!!

For what will become of us, if such things go unrebuked?

En avant, Pecksniff!

When lovely Tommy stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, how girls betray,
The *Times* shall make him melancholy,
By reading lectures every day!

Until at last, redeemed from folly,
He taileth blighted to Japan,
To leave off loving pretty Polly,
And be like Pecksniff—if he can!

P. S.

Results.

The Lelands came to the rescue. They "denies the allegation and they scorns the alligator." The fair fame of the Metropolitan remains as fair as ever. Tommy is exonerated. The moral bubble is punctured; and, as they say in the country, "there's an end of the worsted." This is the great result.

Of lesser results there are several, as follows:

Sneers from the *Herald*.
Row in the *Express* Office.
Awkward position for the *Times*.
Jubilance of the religious *World*.
Excitement and cocktails among the Naval Officers.
Tommy's liberties abridged.
Female society convulsed.
A prevalent opinion that women make all the mischief.
Rebukes for the fair sex from the Reverend Melchisedec Hurlburt—and—
The World the Flesh and the Devil involved in a very miscellaneous mixture!

Oh! Oh!

A daily paper, in its Japanese department, remarked:

"It is not likely the firemen of New-York will turn out *in any shape*. We uphold them in their dignified course."

This surpasses our imagination, and absconds into the labyrinth of the mysterious.

Only think of our poor fire laddies not turning out in any shape, and a metropolitan journal "upholding them in their dignified course!" Isn't it frightful! How they will look! Thirty-five hundred human beings (we have a theory different from most peoples', that firemen *are* human beings, you know) in one solid *shapeless* mass! There's a nut for the Sight-seers.

A True Bill.

The deputation of Boston Aldermen, that lately visited this city to examine our Central Park, reported, we hear, on their return home, that it was something quite beyond "The Common."

XUM

THE PARACHENILLE.

The persistent inclemency of the foliage in our City Park, which, for the last fortnight, has done nothing but rain down brown showers of nasty little reptiles, upon all who brave the dangers of the greenwood shade, is, after the Japanese, the principal topic of social circles. It would be in vain for us now to look to the City authorities for any alleviation of this animal plague. BOOLE has never taken off his brownish-yellow kid gloves since that memorable day when he and his comrades rode up Broadway in state, and did the extremely disagreeable to their antipodes in every sense of the word, the courtly and gentle Japanese. BOOLE's comrades have never taken off their brownish-yellow kid gloves since that sultry occasion. How then could we reasonably expect to find BOOLE and his comrades in their fit and proper places, viz: up a tree? Remarkably funny illustration that would be of the right man in the right place! BOOLE and his colleagues up a tree, blasting the "measuring worms," with the language peculiar to Common Councilmen, when discussing their measures and otherwise. In this exigency we had recourse to our ingenious contributor, who, after glaring round the apartment for an instant, suddenly seized an umbrella, and with a fiendish howl that sounded like "Eureka!" rushed out of doors and vanished round a grocery. It was days before he again dawned upon us, flushed with a brilliant result. That result—patented by the inventor under the name of the "Parachenille, or anti-measuring-worm-reversible umbrella," is destined to take an exalted rank among blessings. It is simply an umbrella constructed of water-proof material, the handle of which, by an ingenious piece of mechanism, is capable of being drawn through at the apex of the machine, which then assumes the character of a large *tazza* or cup. This is half filled with sulphuric acid, slightly diluted with water, and held over the head for the reception of the dropping reptiles, which expire with great celerity upon coming in contact with the deleterious fluid. The invention has been thoroughly tested by our mild contributor—a gentleman enthusiastic on the subject of worms, and the author, we may here state, of the charming poem in our last number, entitled "Vermifugitive Verses." This gentleman stood for thirteen hours under a tree in the City Hall Park, holding over his head the fatal Parachenille. At the expiration of that time the machine was examined, and found to contain exactly 30,278 worms, as carefully counted by our office boy. Our mild contributor was then searched, when the very inconsiderable number of 79 reptiles, only, was found upon his person. These facts require no comment.

OUR MILD CONTRIBUTOR'S EXPERIMENT.

POOR BOSTON!

The Japanese are not going to Boston. Mayor LINCOLN, of that distant and facetious town, sent an invitation, we understand, to Prince SIMME BOOJSEN, saying that as Boston was the modern Athens—as the State House was there—as the WEBSTER Statue was there, as Faneuil Hall was there—as Bunker Hill was there—as the Common was there—as the *Atlantic Monthly* was there—his Highness and suite ought to be there too. This was, of course, accompanied with the usual instructive and moral expressions, that now infest the newspapers, concerning the opening of an ancient port to the flag that floats on every wind, over every sea; the commercial enterprise of our grea American Republic; the international interests of the world; the strengthening of the ties of affiliation between the mighty nations of the East and West, etc., etc., etc.

To all of which, terminating in an earnest request for the Embassy to bask in the sunshine of Bostonian smiles, and to cool off in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, the Embassy replied, "Not any, thank you!"

Boston is in despair. Wails and moans resound in her streets and squares. She sits in sack cloth on her many hills, and gnashes her commercial teeth. Alas for Boston! The blood of the No Kamis stirred not to her message of welcome. The No Kamian midriff was all untickled by her promises of a good old time. They spurned Faneuil Hall and scorned the Common. Heartlessly they squatted upon their royal heels, in dumb indifference to Bunker Hill and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Weep, LINCOLN! Strike the harp of mourning, HOLMES! And WHITTIER, sound the lamentful hewgag of rhyme! The Japanese are not going to Boston!

Washington bored them; Baltimore badgered them; Philadelphia bullied them; and now that they are permitted to sit in peace among the flesh-pots of Gotham, surrounded by the jolly face of LELAND and the dulcet Aldermen, they swear great oaths of many consonants that they will remain until such time as they depart for their own Jeddo, the New York of Niphon. Have they not plenty of Green Seal and strawberries here? Why should they risk being driven to *hari-kiruh* by the astronomers and musicians who form society in Boston? The No-Kamian bowels yearn for the foaming goblet and the crimson fruit, but not for *hari-kiruh!*

So the swift electric flash bears the message of "Not any, thank you!" over the thin wire that connects the provinces with New York, and Boston sends up a jeremiad!

Poor Boston!

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

The dreadful threat made in the *World* newspaper, upon which we commented last week, viz:

"It will be one of the principal aims of the conductors of *The World* to record the proofs that 'the great resuscitation of religion' which the distinguished Frenchman, (GUIZOT) affirmed, a quarter of a century ago, to be the grand desideratum of the age, is in actual progress, and has been for nearly seventy years. We purpose to lay before our readers something on the subject in every day's issue;"

has, thank heaven, been quite disregarded by "the conductors of the *World*." VANITY FAIR is much pleased (as It always is, when It can say a good word instead of a severe one) to be able to state that the more modern numbers of that originally fossil sheet have entirely ignored the "resuscitation of religion" which, "for nearly seventy years," has existed only in the imagination of "the distinguished Frenchman," and the editors of the *World*.

"For nearly seventy years," there has been less sham piety in the world than there was formerly. And for nearly seven numbers, there has been less sham piety in the *World* than there was formerly. It has taken its place among the (Re-)publicans and sinners, apparently, and cares no more for the regeneration of mankind by Sabbatarian laws and political prayer-meetings than the *Herald*, or any other paper that goes in for money-making and common sense generally.

The fact is, that the *World* has become vital, if not vivacious, under an infusion of new blood, and VANITY FAIR is happy to extend the right hand of good-fellowship to it. As soon, however, as it commences to harp on the ancient and Pre-Adamite subject of the seventy-years' revival again, we shall take occasion to prick some of its ill-ventilated bubbles and let in a little wholesome air. It will never pay to publish a paper for the puritan sects of Massachusetts alone, and we cannot echo the words of England's Poet-Laureate:

"O, happy planet, Eastward go!"

while we know that the West, the South, and the North need a good conservative journal, quite as much as the East.

In brief, this new paper—or newspaper—has greatly improved, of late, and like all other good men and Christians, we cannot help hoping soon to see "another and a better World."

Motto for the Highland Regiment.

Knee Plus Ultra.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Hotel Waiter.

The Hotel Waiter, as found throughout this country is a very formidable animal of the What-Is It? type. Naturalists disagree as to Its proper position in the animal scale, but common consent classes It as *genus* Homo, *species* Boor and Ruffian combined.

Neither Goldsmith, Humboldt nor Cuvier, have written upon It; probably fearing to provoke Its vengeance by candid statements, or because they themselves were members of stay-at-home clubs, and consequently knew nothing about It.

The Waiter is an inhabitant of our large cities and summer resorts. It partakes of the natures of both the Sloth and the Glutton when peaceful, but if angered quickly assumes a defiant aspect and becomes as savage as the Hyena. There is a touch of the Snake in its disposition, so to speak. Its general appearance is repulsive and denotes ignorance of the element Water. Its hair is black, matted and knotty; teeth large, badly set, and exceedingly green; eyes red and often blear; countenance absurdly solemn; body unskilfully welded; paws long, thin and flabby; hind legs and feet always disproportioned to the upper anatomy. Hotel proprietors keep them in large numbers, but for what earthly good we could never imagine.

The animal possesses a most peculiar habit called "fleecing," which is exercised upon Its keeper's guests. This trait shows forth somewhat as follows: Boarder orders Waiter to bring a plate of toast.

There is none in the house. Suggests the propriety of having some made. That is against rules. Thinks Waiter may obtain landlord's permission. Waiter knows it is folly to ask it. The guest catches an idea, his pocket suddenly weighs a quarter less. Waiter bows, and presto! the desired toast appears. The operation is repeated at intervals according to the whims of the animal. It is constantly preying upon the travelling community, fleecing even defenceless women and children, and is, moreover, urged to do so by Its keepers.

All Waiters are called John. Perhaps it is necessary to remark that the Dumb Waiter belongs to an entirely different and more respectable branch of the animal family from the one here described.

Figurative Language.

A speaker at a late Republican meeting stated that in the contest for the senatorship between the Little Giant and Honest Abe, the former "bit the dust." For the benefit of benighted individuals who do not understand hyperbole, we would explain that the dust referred to, was three thousand dollars a year and mileage.

The real Japanese "Happy Release."

The release of the Embassy from the clutches of the New-York Aldermen.

MORE MARTYRDOM.

To the Editors of Vanity Fair.

Gentlemen:—I am a physician, enjoying a large practice, with a fair share of mortality. By an absurd and unjust law, I am compelled to report, by certificate, every death that comes under my supervision, its cause, date, etc., before burial can be made. Having seen that my friend, † John Hughes, has made an effort to cast off the shackles of a tyrannous enactment, I desire to do the same.

There are many cases, Gentlemen, wherein death covers up the weaknesses of poor fallen human nature. In all probability, that truly unfortunate young man, the Rev. Jacob S. Harden, would have been in the full enjoyment of liberty and happiness this day, had the privacy of death been respected. Many very estimable gentlemen, who have had the misfortune to poison their wives or neighbors intentionally, have been greatly disturbed by this odious law which required us, of the medical profession, to blurt out the cause of all deaths in the unwholesome publicity of a certificate.

Gentlemen, I may be ready for a prison or a scaffold—though, on the whole, I hardly think I am—but I shall never again conform to the infamous demands of such a law. I therefore suggest to the authorities—as I do not expect any more immunity from legal penalties than my friend † John does—to do their worst upon

Yours truly, Ghoul Nightshade, M. D.

GERMANTOWN GRAPHICS.

Burrow of Germantown, June 18th, 1860.

To Editor of Vanity fair.

Dear Sir:—I take my Pen to Inform you wich I deam It my duty to tel you that youre Writer mr von puck Is been missle ding You willfuly and wich It Is a shame to the unligtend reeder of youre paper, sir the Tolegate of Germantown Is not a Mounyment but A reel gate that Is the Gate Is bean took Away on accownt of the pasengr raleway wich I ought to now as I Am the gate Keeper And I never chaged him nor Noboddy Els no 2 cents for A riding to no sto 67 feat Abov me wich thair Is no such A stor not for moren 2 hunderd yads and the strete Is a Pike for al He sais to the contrair wich It Is ee-y to be sene by the stons and By the Dust wich Is reel stop Dust of A pike as you woud now If you Got It In youre ciy or In your mouth wich It Is a continylly a fleying like fine grits Into evrything around but Sir wat mr von puck sais about the soxs Is mor truth then wat he sais about the gate a bean A monuyment wich Is wat they do make a most pourful site about Hear Is them soxs and no Misstak and hopeng this will find you the same I remane yours to comand Enos Bigges tole gate keeper In the Burrow of Germtown.

P. S.—I send a drorin of the Tole gate & meself to—also wot I sell in bisnis way—wich is chikin an dux also rabbotts wen in seezin. E. B.

Noty Bean.—doant furgit to dror the chikin wich is in seezin now more per tikler wich will be good advertise fur yures E. B.

N. B. no 2.—I sells em cheape an if yer doant beleeve me ask wun ov yure fellers wot drors fur yure pepper—a bigg pussy kined of man. E. B.

The Tolegate.

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"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

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"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

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"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

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"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

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"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

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The very marked and flattering success which has thus far attended the publication of

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TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Our exchange list has become so large that we shall be obliged to curtail it. Those who desire an exchange will please insert the above Special Notice and Terms three times, and send marked copies to this office, upon receipt of which we will forward the paper for One Year. No others will be noticed.

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